

COLLEGE CHEER



OPTIMUM SEMPER

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

ROYAL PURPLE AND WHITE.

Oh little shellfish on the beach sands!
Oh Purpura! thou art the pod
Who gave us the dye emblematic
Of authority robing a god
Purple for those who are noble
For kings and for magistrates proud;
So purple we choose and uphold it
In accents harmonious and loud.

Oh Purity shield of all virgins!
Immaculate gift from on high!
Thy sweetness we cherish forever,
We extol thee e'en to the sky
Immaculate white of the lily
As rich as the tinge of a pearl
We chose thee for honor and virtue
Like the ermine adorning an earl.

Unfold in skies then this banner,
Emblazoned with purple so bright.
Offset in the pure white of ivory,
Let the winds waft it into the light
Rich purple the ensign of bishops
And White from the robe of the Pope,
Will rightly be "optimum semper,"
Our motto our joy and our hope.

Hugh Striff '19.



ITALIAN SONNETT TO CLASS VI.

Oh Studious Class, intelligence divine!
Minerva's favored thee with knowledge rare.
Thou shalt be sought as those who dare
Strive in the world where worldly cares entwine,
For all proficiency, therein is thine.
Such education' queaths thee no despair;
But reaps anon good faith and laurels fair
And lets the virtues all in thee combine.

So live until life's short span
Shall close upon a life without a taint.
The world now needs thee, classmen, for her own,
Each one of you must answer to a man.
Become efficient, offer no complaint,
Let your effulgence spread from zone to zone.

Hugh Striff '19.

"FAREWELL."

There's a word of grief the sounding token
There's a word bejewelled with bright tears
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken
A little word that breaks the chain of years.
Its utterance must ever bring emotion
The memories it crystals cannot die,
'Tis known in every land on every ocean,
'Tis called "Good-bye."





ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
CLASS 1911



COOPER.

FRITZ VONDERHAAR.

Who is the Senior Class President? Fritz Vonderhaar! Why shouldn't he be? From the time he came here six years ago, he has been looked up to as a leader, not only in his classes, but also in all the other affairs of note. In him is embodied all the qualities necessary to make a good student. Though not a brilliant young man, Fritz was always at the top in all his classes, by reason of his untiring diligence. All thru our entire course, Fritz has seemed like a father to us. Whenever we needed advice, he was the fellow to give it, and it generally sank home, because the unconscious logic of it all appealed to us. Now do you think we have made a mistake in choosing the president of the class? There is no use making any prophecies about Fritz, for whatever vocation in life he may pursue, he is bound to succeed.

JUSTIN OPPENHEIM.

Justin Oppenheim better known as "Oppie" or "Openbottom," entered St. Joe four years ago with the intentions of taking up a commercial course. He followed that course for two years, but as time has changed, so he also has changed, and is now graduating with us as a full-fledged member of the Fourth Class. That, of course is to his credit. He was a member of our "Rep" basket ball team this year and he sometimes indulges in base ball. Oppie has an exceptional talent for music. For the past three years he has been St. Joe's best violinist. "Oppie" was secretary of the class and also president of the Raleigh Jolly Smoking Club, this year, but as to his future occupation I think he would make a good fireman, for he has been found quite able when it comes to climbing fire escapes. Motto, "Do anything once." Oppenheim Semper.

HUGH F. STRIFF.

Some six years ago, sage Beck (whom some of us remember) while passing through Prairie Depot, Ohio, took one of the high school lads, who was still in knickerbockers, by the hand and brought him along to St. Joe. That was the day when we first met Hugh Striff. Since then he has grown both in age and in wisdom. Our associations with him and his past record serve to convince us that he is a young man of no mean ability. Although we cannot all win the gold medals at college, or in after life, be he Washington or Lincoln, we feel confident that his life will not be marked with failure. He has been one of our representatives in the club and in the C. L. S. We can hardly imagine an evening at the club complete, without him playing the piano.

As manager of basket ball he deserves credit for arranging one of the best schedules we ever had. We will always recall his name with fond recollection, and may he someday reach the zenith of success.

JOSEPH A. PICKARD.

Yes, there he is; if you can't see him you may hear him. Red is from Chicago Heights, as he will condescendingly tell you if you but take the trouble to ask him. You will have to be fast, though, if you expect to insert a word or two into Red's flow of speech; the only way (known to experienced classmates) is to pop your questions briefly while he stops to catch breath for a new attack.

Red being the first in order in the Senior class is the student-prefect of the Religious. Never mind Red! In a few months you will throw that bell at your successor, and you'll never remember it a hundred years from now!

JOHN B. REICHERT.

Scoop, the son of a major, was born at Osgood on March the first, 1898. While but a mere child he was given much attention by the people of the village, this being due to his pretty brown eyes. But more so on account of the curly locks which adorned his noble brow. Since Johny proved to be a very industrious boy, his parents deemed it prudent to send him to college. Six years ago John came to St. Joe and was called the little boy in brown. Here he is better known by the name of "Spike." Spike has many winning ways which can especially be seen by his everlasting Broadway smile which he wears whether rain or shine. He has crowned his college career with success. May he live many years and may he find his future undertakings very prosperous and successful.

RUFUS ESSER.

We invariably shun the inquisitive sport — we are apt to be humiliated to become aware of our own ignorance. But they are handy chaps in the classroom, especially when shortly before exams the professor tries to finish the one-hundred pages of some text-book in three classes. Then we feel proud of the champion lightweight, built like a strawberry grafted to a cucumber, who, for the sake of suffering sixth humanity, starts the professor off on a tangent; not only once but often we have profited by his practical questions. We wonder where he gets them all. Look at him — grippy eyes, magnetic hair, sensational nose, assimulative lips, fingers like an octopus, the arms of a Queen and feet like a ruler. You see him all over, he is after everything; but the library is his chief hang-out; there he wastes hours and hours over Tip Top weeklies and Diamond Dick specials which create an excellent mood for his flashy literary articles. We have physical metaphysical and extraphysical proofs of his future renown and magnanimity. His one drawback, a weak voice, he intends to strengthen by large doses of Potassium Cyanide mixed with pickles and red beets. This will be supplemented with large bricks of limburger. He's alright but he doesn't smoke, hence no bumming — another point in his favor. Acquire the habit of talking with him. Who is it? Why its the brother of B. Esser, Rufus, Red.

GEORGE VETTER.

In September 1917 a big but gentle student blew into St. Joe and registered in class of '19. He hailed from Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio and he has been haling ever since. He was such a sweet and amiable chap, that during his first year we elected him Secretary of our club.

Classes? Did some one say? Don't think because he's long he's slow; he made us hump to keep up with him in Xenophon. Last year many of us were his admireres when we beheld him as the romantic Lorenzo, skillfully serenading Jessica with his mandolin. His acting is superb and has won the lauds of the student body.

Some day we hope to see him reach his goal and enjoy the fruits of his labor. We are with you Jake; may fortune always smile on you as she does now and may you reach the sacred ideal towards which you are striving.

ALOYSIUS M. KRAUS.

Don't know whom you mean, unless it's the fellow who sits between Mutter and Hiller to keep them from fighting. Oh yes I have often observed him — I have an eye for beauty. Look him over as he sails down the corridor. Yes, good form but don't notice the 'sardonic smile' on his lips. That means 'kick, that's right kick.'

Ally is a good basket-ball player (a Rep), fast at tennis, and beyond doubt St. Joseph's star 1st baseman. Just watch him scoop up those low balls, and grab those high flies from out of the air. Studies bore him sometimes, but he keeps up grit and works with a will. He is a high mark in a high-water class.

BERNARD B. LEAR.

The possessor of this beautiful countenance is none other than B. B. Lear commonly known among the students as "Bosco." In class he is diligent and attentive always to do his part. The students are especially glad to hear him speak on the stage because of his pleasant voice.

He came to St. Joe's from Wilmette, Sept. 1913, and proved his ability as a scholar and athlete. Basketball is his hobby and the team of 1918-19 can be proud of him as their coach. Taken all in all Bernard can be described as a good student whose presence is always desirable at social intercourse. So here's to Bosco who from all indications will make a success of his life and who can go assured that he has the best wishes of the class of '19. Good luck "Bosco."

GEORGE NIEKAMP.

Don't forget Georgie the shrimp with the big legs and thick neck, with the red white and blue mustache; if you would know his physique better view him in his over-alls. More genial there is none; ever agreeable, never provoking; always smiling, seldom impetuous. Of money he has plenty, but spendthrift he is none — parsimony he has inherited from his buttonhole relative George Washington. With everything at his dis-

posal he is still in need; he works for the sake of humanity rigging up the explanation of electricity. Never idle except at meal time — you wonder why he is so quiet then; the fact is he is fooling you; that unknown quantitive ever dances before his deep, adamantine eyes; the unthinkable will out some day. He's always busy; but stop at his office; only one dollar an hour for his time.

JAMES M. CONNELLY.

Did you ever have a little something tell you that a certain one among the many of your classmates could be a real friend to you? This doesn't mean a 'tagger' or even a Boswell, but one on whom you can depend. Jim is such a one, and we haven't been able to find out yet what the 'M' dividing his names means, but of course, we are willing to make a good guess that it would be Mike. Well, Mike it will be. In one way it is peculiar that such a name should be found in Hamilton County, Ohio, but such is the fact. Jim pleads guilty to two years attendance at St. Mary's Dayton, and that he struck out for the woods of Collegeville last September. Since coming here he has given us his sentiments as to matters of Irish Home Rule etc. and without making things appear too thick, we might add that he could well hold a chair in the government of Ireland.

THOMAS H. RYAN.

Sure Pat, he is a true son of Erin, with the typical Irish blue eyes, fair complexion, and flaxen hair. He hails from Union City but he can tell you all about Tipperary or the harp that once hung in Tara's halls. Tom is an all around athlete, taking active interest in baseball, basketball and especially tennis. Indeed he has played on the St. X. Representative base-ball nine and basket ball quintette; while he is said to be one of the leaders if not the champion of St. Joseph's tennis stars.

He is a genial, straightforward young man, inclined to be seen rather than heard, preferring thinking to idle talking. He is a hard-working, persistent student, who from the valley looks ever upward to the summit and strives manfully to attain the high ideal which he has made his goal. Success to you Tom! Wait a minute! We almost forgot to mention that Tom's great oration on "Freedom for Ireland" won for him the Conroy Oratory Medal on June 11, 1919.

JEROME WEINERT.

Jack Bottles! The only heavyweight who has never been licked. After the Flu vacation, Jerome Weinert strolled into St. Joe's with more booze than he had when he left "Gem City." Jerry was due about the 12th of September, but was unable to find his way out of Dayton. We have all felt Jerry's sunny smile and some day perhaps we might be glad that we borrowed some of his tobacco for he is a coming star. His brilliance is not noticed by many, but those he comes in contact with realize that he is the aridness of Ohio.

He wishes that the state would not be parched until after the 27th, of June. Why he will be a man on that day. Here is wishing Jerry success in his work next year and succeeding years at the Seminary. After those days are gone may he be like unto a meteor, travelling far and wide, diffusing the light of knowledge as he proceeds along life's path.

JOSEPH S. RAIBLE.

They call him 'Honey,' 'nuff said. Sep is a popular member of Class '19, and will ever be a leader in all walks of life. He is the embodiment of gayety, and believes in sharing his own oversupply of joy with others less blessed. His is an angelic voice (if you don't care what you say), and he is one of the choir soloists of note. He is prominent in base-ball, basket-ball, tennis, etc., as well as an intelligent student. His forte is expression, and his natural gifts along this line of endeavor will one day make him a speaker of note (if he lives to be old enough). Oh my, twenty years! Be patient, Sep.

JOHN KLEM.

John Ab. Klem, is our friend and adviser. When first we met him, he came from a small town where the custom of short trousers, white stockings and brown oxfords, a nice little straw hat and a large starched collar was in vogue.

Since then he has changed into an early bird, who wakes us all up in the morning, by his chirping. Looking into the lives of past great men, and comparing them with Jack's, we realize that a great man to be, is in our midst. If he only would be a little faster and come in before it is **two early** in the morning, he would perhaps save shoe leather.

We are glad to have made his acquaintance and are honored to have him as a member of this the best Senior Class, of '19.

LEO JOSEPH MUTTER.

Oh you can't miss Him. Look for a big coconut on a bigger foundation, the hands of a milkmaid; the grace of a swan, the spring of a kangaroo, the speed of an — hold on, that's enough. Timothy illustrates fairly well the principle "it is but a few inches from the sublime to the ridiculous" for look at his physiognomy. — The forehead of a Webster, all the dignity of a Phydian Jove; behind this the ears of Missouri's famous "kicking quadruped." Keats would have been inspired to write a sequel to his 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'; Hypollite herself would have been enamored of those audital appendages.

But seriously now, Leo Joseph Benjamin Timothy Mutter is an A. No. 1 chap, a shining star in our bright firmament. He is most at home with his books, and his hobby is getting concessions from the Logic professor. No doubt his gray matter would present the appearance of the labyrinth of the Minotaur, but there's enough to be seen on the outside. Leo is so boisterous that when he speaks all others must cease and strain their ears to hear his oracular notes, which really reward his listeners for their pains.

FERDINAND J. KUENTZEL.

And then we come to Ferd. Kuentzel the fellow with "speed" that makes 'em all step in the Jazz Orchestra. Yes, he's the guy that tears the day up on the tennis court with his mighty whirl wind of speed. He plays the whole court, both sides, himself. When he serves he wins the game by knocking it over the barns. Will you be with the class next year. You know us Ferd.

JOSEPH HILLER.

Ubinum gentium sumus. About twenty-two years ago, (statistics are not certain) there was born into this world a German who was not a Hun, but an Americ-hun. Today America could not do without him. He is perfect except for his wild imagination and his dog ears. His title to beauty he has not yet made known; but all aver that it is conspicuous on the back of his neck. He contributes his bit to athletics by rooting, (baseball language). Noted as a walking joke book and professional ape-man. In fact he may be the missing link.)k-adoh

Samwell is proficient at imitating the songsters of the field; hence he is a leader in the College Choir.

LEONARD DEININGER.

Scoop claims the distinction of being one of the few charter members of class '19. Others have come, gone and been forgotten, but he has remained, ever anticipating, ever hoping for the day which has now arrived. Deininger has many individual traits which give him an appearance all his own. At pool he is no slouch and he has left his footprints in the sands of baseball history by his spectacular twirling in the Academic Park. Scoop is willing to be everybody's friend and treats everyone as such. These are the sort of persons we like to have in our midst, and are always pleased to give them the glad hand.

JOHN J. SCHON.

St. John is pictured as a short muscular man of medium stature, and possessing a genial cheery countenance. The greater part of his life was spent in retirement, where he laid the foundation for his later exemplary life.

Although our John has not as yet been canonized, nevertheless he has faithfully cultivated those virtues of his patron. Yes, indeed, Johny is muscular in the true sense of the word! He possesses a chest which is the pride of St. Xavier's. Many a lad secretly envies him this accomplishment. The memory of his feats as turner and wire-walker will never die at St. Joe. In future years his name will be well known in —circles.

He takes to the as a fish to water.

John is not exactly a hermit. He is a quiet lad with a beautiful character, an optimist in the superlative degree; of whom it may be said that he and his good-natured smile are twins. Life is good to him; each cloud wears its silver lining. John's busy life resembles those newly blessed bells whose clear crystal tones bring cheer and happiness to the heart of all.

CLARENCE McGINTY.

We are now permitted to make public that which we have known for some two weeks. Knowledge of Clarence A. McGinty's great epoch-making invention has been current in our office for sixteen days. But it is only now that we are permitted to announce to the public a few facts of Mr. McGinty.

He has worked for years in obscurity and now comes to the front as staunch defender of the classics. Mac is a steady "plugger" and deserves to reap a goodly reward for his earnest endeavors. Good luck Mac.

CAMILLUS P. LUTKEMEIER.

One of our 'kids', but every inch a man just the same, Milly is a favorite among us all. He is generally quiet, but boisterous at times; short of physique, large of spirit, always ready to dispel gloom or to lend a helping hand to those in need. Athletics are a side issue with him; but he likes a quiet game of tennis every day. He does not smoke yet, but is nevertheless a very sociable fellow at all times.

Oh he's a bright one in the Class when it comes to studies, where he is always a leader. Much of his time is devoted to piano, in which art he is second to none at St. Joseph's. Just what he will do in the future we will not attempt to say, but watch his smoke. His simple manners are delightful. "In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity." Milly's very nature is so far from doing harm that he suspects none. Sfor

FERDINAND J. WELLMAN.

"Great men come and go." No doubt when our little Freddie leaves his dear Alma Mater, it will cause considerable regret to his fellow students. During his career at St. Joe's he has indeed been a perfect example of a genuine and typical student. His all around athletic ability which he has displayed will undoubtedly, never vanish whether it be in foot ball, basketball, or on the baseball diamond, Freddie has always shown his best. In no less degree has proved his efficiency in the more primary and elevating object, namely his studies. Thus will pass from our midst our little boy and may at all times success follow all his endeavors.

MICHAEL E. DUNN.

When "Mike" first came in our midst, did anyone take notice of him? Well, he soon made himself noticed when he was seen in some of those "mix-ups" on the gridiron, but being an ambitious lad, he was not satisfied with physical attainments alone. He was very soon observed applying his skill of physics to the production of the soft mellow tones of the saxophone. No doubt the orchestra will miss him in that section next year, but Mike will look out for number one and the best will be his.

WAYLAND B. RECKER.

Blowing in from Kalida in September 1915, this little boy began to prepare himself for the degree of M. D.

He has already made business conjunctions with the Pimer Coffin Company and the Hartman Embalming and Amulance Trust. During his stay at St. Joe's he was classed as one of the few all around men.

Next year, Waylam? Well, I should whisper.

WILFRED L. SMITH.

Wilfred comes from Kalida somewhere in the U. S. A. He has shown us what he can do in athletics, and here's hoping he may meet similar success in future years. Some day he may be owner of Putnam County and make it the metropolis of the Buckeye State. For four years he has helped make our college life one of joy and we sure will miss his mighty line.

LEONARD R. PARTEE.

Lenny is known as the "Preambulator" of St. Joe's. Most any time of the day (that is during recreation period) he may be found warming up the "Old Maple Walk."

Mr. Partee hails from the Badger state and his part in athletics has shown that he is a true "Badger." Goodbye! old friend, and sometime we hope that we shall be able to hear that you have reached your long sought goal — "A Discovery."

CHAS. F. KOCH.

Charles Franklin Koch is one of our honored philosophers of the XXth. Century. He is known by his classmates as Hank or Bobo or anything at all. He came to college four years ago and from the very outset showed his love for argumentation. A plug of "Piper" and a question for argument puts Hank in ancient Elysium. Give Hank the benefit of the doubt and he wonders why he won without a struggle.

Hank may one day be a wonder. Keep it up Hank, you're doing good!

PAUL BIRKMEYER.

This worthy graduate of our High School Department, hails from Coldwater, a dandy little "burg" way back somewhere in the Buckeye State. Speaking of haling, we must say right here that Birchie adheres strictly to the Smoking Club Rules. He's all the better off for it, because the Burrough's in the disciplinarian's office has nothing on him. We like Mr. Birkmeyer because he is so Il Penseroso. He says little but thinks much. — Just a little parting advice Birchie: "Don't forget your Alma Mater."

PAUL KIRCHNER.

The boy who thinks because he hailed from Terre Haute, where the big boys live. The sport

who thinks because I use sugar. It makes my coffee sweet therefore I am sweet, but Oh! that humor lasts only while his sugar lasts. We all know how he humored his fellow grads. Mr. Kirchner is a famous architect, dealing strictly in air castles. He has pretensions to stenography which, of course, he intends to carry out when he gives his Alma Mater the last fare well, and returns to Terre Haute, yes Terre Haute the town where the milk trains stop.

JOHN CARLIN.

Three years back (it seems a very short time when we look over it now) John Carlin came to St. Joe and took the Commercial course. We feel confident that we may rely upon him to make his way in this world. The Commercial students may be proud to see him graduate but hate to see him leave. He has always been fair in class work and good in athletics. At the first session we elected him Secretary of the Altar society and a Guard on the Commercial Basket ball team. He has given a good account of himself here and we trust that he will do just as good in the outside world.

HARVEY J. LAMBERT.

About three years ago, when the new students came to this College, Harvey J. Lambert of Mishawaka, Indiana, was one of the number to enroll in the Commercial Course. Although a little slow, he showed a good spirit in all his class work. Now that his college career is ended, the other members of the glorious "Class of '19" wish him a success in all his future occupations.

THE LEGAL WILL OF CLASS '19.

The class of 1919 of St. Joseph College, Rensselaer, Indiana, being in possession of as much of our senses as we ever had and not affected seriously by our strenuous College career, being of disposing mind and memory and about to depart this, our present sphere of life, do hereby make, publish, and declare this document to be our "Last Will and Testament, on this the thirtieth day of the fifth month of the year of our Lord.

1. We give and bequeath to our promising successors, the V Latins, our sunny and magnanimous dispositions.

2. To the said Class we give the next volume of the "Cheer" and an excellent firm to print it.

3. We bequeath our places in the Chapel and classroom and refectory, hoping they may ever fill them.

4. To the Junors we leave our bright and shining halos and places in the esteem and affection of the Faculty.

5. Our great talents, alas! we cannot leave, but our best wishes we joyfully relinquish to all understudents.

6. Jake Vetter leaves his height (6ft. 2in.) to little Harry Schaeffer with the hope that it will enable him to reach the summit of knowledge.

7. John Klem bequeaths his social standing to Jacob Harber.

8. Clarence McGinty bequeaths his joke book to John Daleiden hoping he may ever use it.

9. Ferdinand Vonderhaar bequeaths the class presidency to Francis Miller.

10. Hugh Striff heartily bequeaths Basket Ball Managership to Thomas P. Flynn, wishing him a huge schedule.

11. Ferdinand Wellman leaves the captaincy of the foot ball team to Anthony Schaefer.

12. John Reichert and Bernard Lear, having no partiality towards the Fifth Class, bequeath the candy store to the two who fight hardest for it.

13. Ferdinand Kuentzel leaves his place in the C. L. S. Sextette to Elmer Kampsen.

14. Leonard Deininger bequeaths the Pool Room to William Murphy and Thomas P. Flynn.

15. Jim Connelly leaves his Latin tongue to Edmund Klass, with apologies to Schultz.

16. Weinert leaves his inertia to John Jobst.

17. Wilfred Smith gives and devises his studious nature to Carl Schnitz hoping that he will soon reform and follow in his footsteps.

18. Wayland Recker allows his beautiful pompadour to fall into the possession of Pius Mutter.

19. Justin Oppenheim presents his violin resin to Joseph Kallal's ukulele.

20. Michael Dunn leaves his good look and milky complexion to Justin Lamour.

21. Leonard Partee shoves his Chemistry note book and cracked test tubes to Chemist Regnier.

22. Charles Franklin Koch curses Paul Rose in the bequeathal of his sparrowlike voice.

23. Paul Birckmeyer bequeaths his Theda Bara eyes to Paul Fox.

24. Paul Kirchner requests that his place in the winning of the III Commercial Medal be given to Scheele, next year. (?)

25. John Carlin leaves his prominent position in the band to Harry Fitzgibbons and hopes he, too, will make a success.

26. Harvey Lambert's soporific disposition will be left to Frank Kahle. He also gives and bequeathes twenty cents to the class of '20 for their picnic fund.

27. Leo Mutter gives all ponies to William Luley.

28. Joseph Raible leaves his diminutive stature to Pinkey Mutter.

29. Thomas Ryan and Joseph Hiller bequeath their position as Dorm Prefects to Louis Potkotter and Nickolas Schall.

30. Camillus Lutkemeier yields his sway in Greek Syntax to Joseph Duenzer.

31. John Schon bequeaths his position as Chinese laundryman to Aloys Dirksen.

32. Rufus Esser desires that Alfred Myers, in the future possess his literary talent and classic features.

33. Aloys Kraus reluctantly bequeaths his secret haleing piace to Miks Sheean.

34. Joseph Pickard bequeaths his blond hair and scattered pigment to Charles Cowl.

35. George Niecamp leaves his smiles and winning ways to Aloys Klupne.

And last we hereby constitute Ferdinand Vonderhaar to be the executor of this our "Last Will and Testament" in witness of which we have herewith set our hand and seal.

CLASS 1919

per Hugh F. Striff.

COLLEGE CHEER.

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COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

THURSDAY JUNE 5, 19919

EDITORIALS.

R. J. S. C.

For the past few years, the Smoking Club has received quite a bit of unfavorable criticism and most of it unjustly. The common fallacy of judging an entire organization from the conduct of a few harem scarem examples is evident in this case. The Smoking Club is composed of young men of purely American and above all Catholic ideals. Because a few students do not approach the standard of the club, it does not imply for a moment that the rest of the members are of the same stamp.

Now I do not wish to leave the impression that the members of the Raleigh Jolly Smoking Club have completely cast aside all their habits and tendencies — far from that, — they are still human and still sneak an occasional hale; but I do want to say that the year '18-19 in the history of the club has been a notable one, in so far, that the spirit of vulgarity and frivolity has been almost completely banished from its confines. May it continue in this manner for the years to come; and grow to be one of St. Joe's most treasured possessions.

19—

THIRD COMMERCIALS.

—19

The praise of the Fifth and Sixth the muses sang,—
(They could not sing alone!)
But though we think those praises nobly rang,
The Third will sing it's own.

For we are the happy three,
The glorious trinity,
The famous three,
Both bold and free,
The Third Commercial, we.

Paul Kirchner is the first to make his bow—
(Applaud ye one and all) —
And if ye wish to smile, he'll show you how,
Good natured is our Paul.

And oh, may he ever be,
As good natured as are we,
And may we be
In harmony,—
The Third Commercial Three.

Next, John Carlin comes before the public view
And though a Pugilist,
(And skilled in all athletic contests, too,)
He can't but please, I wist.

For all the Jollity
Of all our glorious Three,
Would never be
A unity
Were he not of our Happy Three.

Last, Hessy was to come upon the stage,
But he is too fatigued.
Too bad! For Lambert is the jewel of his age,
Surpassed by none, indeed.

Then sing of the merry three,
Of Paul and of Hessy and me,
And we will see
If there can be
A merrier bunch than we.

John Carlin, '19.

THE BELLS OF ST. JOSEPH.

The blessing of the new bells for St. Joseph's Chapel, on Sunday afternoon, marked another period of improvement for Collegeville. The services were conducted by the Rev. Benedict Boebner, C. PP. S.

They are the gifts of one who evidently has the best of good wishes for the college, but at his own request the donor does not wish his name to be divulged at present.

The bells were cast by The McShane Bell Foundry Co., of Baltimore, Md. which Company has furnished chimes for St. Mary's of the Woods; also for the State Universities of Indiana and Ohio. They are made of pure bell metal, comprised of 22 percent tin and 78 percent copper. The weight of the largest, St. Joseph, is 2600 lbs. and with the yoke 3150 lbs. The next in size, St. Agatha, weighs 1850 and with yoke 2200 lbs. The smallest one, the Ave Maria, 1350 and with yoke 1550 lbs. The cost was \$3200.00

Though of goodly weight, the tone of the bells is not deflected as is the opinion held by some, and thus caused to lose its power to carry. Some bells are constructed to produce low deep tones, but by so doing metal is sacrificed, and at the same time carrying power is lost. The tones of this set are diatonic and not those of a chord.

That of 'St. Joseph' is E flat; 'St. Agatha' F; 'Ave Maria' G.

We are all now expecting the day when they will peal forth their voluptuous tones from the chapel tower, and may it be commencement day. What is now needed to complete the furnishings of the chapel is a new organ.

The bell dedicated to St. Joseph is inscribed with: "Beati qui lavant stolas suas in sanguine agni." St. Agatha: "Redemisti nos, Dommine, in sanguine tuo." Ave Maria: "Erit sanguis agni vobis in signum.

ATHLETICS.

ST. X. REPS vs. ST. JOE ALL STARS

In a promising tight game, St. X. Reps defeated the St. Joe All Stars. The south siders knocked Klem out of the box in the second inning by tickling the score book for six runs. Kunkel next took the box and was saved from his doom by the tower bell.

Totals of game:	St. X.	St. Joe
Runs:	12	2
Hits:	3	1

EASY VICTORY

In their return game of Sunday May 23rd. The

K of Cs of Indianapolis handed an easy victory to St. Joe. When playing at Indianapolis, the purple and red nine came away with the bacon to the tune of 10 — 3. Tho not a fast snappy game, there was no lack of interest, because of the good fellowship and sportsmanlike attitude of the visiting nine. The twirler Kirkoff, had a smile that just would not come off, and it furnished a point for much jocularly. The visitors played with such good heartedness that the home team was soon affected and joined in the good old game of ragging one another.

Score: K of C 3. St. Joe 10.

All Stars on Short End after 11th Inning.

Pitching a close game for the first five innings, Kunkel began to show loss of control and permitted St. X. Reps to run neck and neck with his team till the ninth inning, after hitting batters and permitting walks until the bases were full. At that it seems rather fishy that six men should be hit by pitched balls in succession, and just when some runs might come in handy. However, Klem topped the mound and held the game to a tie until the eleventh when the batters found it best to get hit.

Score: St. Joe 11 — St. X. 10.

St. Joseph 5, St. Viator 24.

The St. Joe Varsity probably added a new feature to its history when they lost by a score of 24 to 5 at St. Viators, May 28. We often hear the expression that a team "went up in the air" and those who witnessed this game surely saw St. Joe go sky high. There is really no excuse to offer for losing this game. To allow eleven hits and fourteen runs in one inning is something that will be entered upon the annals of base ball not because it deserves mention but as an abnormality. Two of our pitchers were chased off the rubber, and Wellman was finally called upon as a last resource. He entered the box with the determination to end the torture and pitched good ball for the last few innings.

St. Joe. 7 — Kentland 9.

St. Joe ended its base-ball season by losing to Kentland by a score of 7 to 9 on the latter's field, June 1. St. Joe, held the lead by a score of 7 to

2 until the second half of the seventh inning. A fly-ball dropped by one of the fielders in the eighth inning left in the winning score. But Kentland would not have had men on base to bring in the winning run if the umpire had not taken such an active part in the game.

Harber who pitched the first seven innings deserves mention for his work. St. Joe, handled the bat to advantage, but a few errors counted against them.

Waist line suits in the Stein Block kind in all colors at

Duvalls Quality Shop.

CLASS '19 BANQUET.

In the long years to come the graduates of 1919 will often recall with readiness the jolly night spent on May 29 after the Oratory Contest. For three hours the band-room in the gymnasium echoed the shouts of happy 'Grads.' Eats there were a plenty; toasts in abundance followed; and joy reigned supreme. Thirty-two happy students just about through with their College course and already looking forward eagerly to the future and what it holds for them, ate and smoked, takled and sang, laughed and in turn made others laugh.

Stern thoughts there were too, tense moments when heart spoke to heart, when the ripple of laughter gave place to the silence of attention as someone spoke the utterances of his heart, the sentiments of all, in words of tribute to the leader who guided them all through the years of their work in expression, who now was honoring them by his presence. Then, too, came moments of sadness. With the joy of victory was mingled the thought of parting. Mr. Vetter spoke the thought of all when he reminded us that in the distant future whenever we would happen to hear the notes of the long-long trail awinding we would be carried back to the night of the banquet of the great class of '19.

We must needs mention the jolly 'other end of the worm' the personage with 'hair parted in the middle' who would have our youthful orators shame Demosthenes himself so that worthy would throw his bones to the wind,' who would also have each one receive a ten dollar bill etc. etc. Father Meinrad certainly added zest to the evening's entertainment, which was far ahead of other like entertainments because of its informality. Our famous Shakespearean reader read for us his improvisation of "The Taming of the Shrew With Mustard" until good policy told him to stop before he was forcibly 'removed hence.' The winner of the Conroy Oratory Medal with his characteristic good nature expressed his sole regret of the evening — that each contestant could not have felt the pleasure that had been his upon the announcement of the judges, decision.

Like true sons of their Alma Mater the boys went to bed with the notes of their College Hymn ringing out upon the night air.

R. Esser.

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SOCIETY NOTES.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Much to our regret, the full schedules and workings of the C.L.S. this year were badly hampered. Say what we will, we know always that each and every one who was a member, did not feel regret that the full business of the society could not be carried out. As it was, success attended the efforts put forth to an appreciative degree. True, some programs had to be eliminated, but we reaped much good from what was done.

The Reverend Director is our debtor, not only through the giving of time and energy, but chiefly his experience. The untiring efforts of Father Rapp will ever remind us of our prospects, and will be before us as a book from which we may select here and there for our many needs in the future fields of endeavor. Nor can we put out of mind the presence of one who has for so many years so ably ground into our somnolent minds, the intricacies of paliametary law. Naturally we would rather not have had such 'terrible' tasks' but who is there among us who regrets the experience met with during Mr. Honan's quizzes in this branch of learning. Many are the thanks we extend to the faithful Father Ildephonse and Mr. Honan.

NEWMAN CLUB.

Having heard or seen scarcely a sign of our Junior Literary Club, we met with an agreeable surprise on Sunday evening, May 24th. Numbers were rendered which brought the Newman Club up to a high standard of merit. The readings were of a happy choice and ably given. Especially noticeable were those of Joseph Rolling, and Herman Boehman. Qualities came to the surface which mark these readers for able and truthful speakers in the future. The farce marking the close of the programme, was remarkably well done, and it was appreciated in its entirety.

The best treat of the evening however was the "mixed nuts" by V. Honigford and J. LaMere.

Our Stein Block Clothes are going like hot cakes. 50 more new ones arrived to-day.

Duvalls Quality Shop.

Explanation of the Advance in the Price of Paper.

The scribbler sat at his desk
Writing verse libre,
He wrote and he wrote
And wore a monstrous "tale"
But! Ah me! his vellum gave out.
And he ordered another bale.

But his Muse had fled.
She was gone forever
And she will return to the lorn scribbler
Never more, Ah! Never. John Klem '19.

Colored Gentleman—Please procrastinate muh at de nex' conah.

Conductor—Procrastinate?

C. Goleman—Sahtainly, sir: look in de diction-ary, Procrastinate — put off.

Dunn to Koch—"Remember that beauty is only skin deep."

Koch—"That's deep enough for me, I'm no can-nibal."

If you want to see beautiful hose look at our lines. They are great.

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Two mothers, whose sons are students at St. Joseph's and St. Mary's respectively, frequently compare notes as to the progress of the young men, as shown by their letters sent home.

"Henry's letters always send me to the diction-ary," said one mother. "You're lucky," sighed her friend, "my boy's letters always send me to the bank."

It was their first trip to the city and among the treasures they looked at, was a mummy, at the art museum over which hung a placard bearing the number, "B. C. 97." This completely mysti-fied them. "What do you make out of that, Henry?" demanded Maria. "I hardly know," said Henry, "but I have a suspicion that it was the number of the car that killed him.

Says Dan D. Lyon — All the fish in the world haven't got gills.

* * * * *

You will find the Sweldest line of caps in town at our store.

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HISTORY OF CLASS '19.

The history of the world is the story of great men of genius — men who held in the hollow of their hand the fate of millions; men whose virtues colored the destiny of nations. The history of a college graduating class is a short tale of simple life. Yet the struggles, the temporary defeats and the final victories of humanity's history find their miniature in the story of Class '19. This story is also the biography of individuals — not great men, but splendid boys, boys, however, whose present actions affect directly themselves only; indirectly, perhaps thousands of their fellow-men.

The history of Class '19, we believe, begins at the beginning and ends with the grand finale. The "Grads" are all children of Adam. Quite a number of years ago, Adam What's-his-name in his curio-scientific researches discovered the acid in the apples of Paradise. We, one and all, know the destructive effect of this acid on Adam's basic brain-tissue. The reaction has never yet reached equilibrium, but to this day continues to produce the salt : BrC1NO3—N—C4 , which in plain English means human density.

We pass over as not within our present confines, the few years following this really great scientific discovery, until we come to a certain son of that same Adam, who took a peculiar notion to taste likewise of the apple; and it seems he left no core. Accordingly he betook himself

"To a place where grew the apples of knowledge
Which place was called St. Joseph College."

— (Horace — Lib I—0.)

That was some five or six years ago. Others joined him there. Such was the beginning of the start of Class '19.

Now this class has always been known to be a high standard, hard working class. Gathering inspiration from the past, they pushed on with a dogged determination to succeed inspite of thronging difficulties. Some fell by the wayside, others filled in the gaps made by their departure — especially the fat ones. In short, as time sped on the class arose, mounted, and, though it had to fight against gravitation, still it mounted. Or in the significant line of Horatius Pickardinus tipus "Coeperunt omnes scalam conscendere gnavi."

The first years were little more than the usual uneventful routine of College life. The fourth year, however, first evidenced those qualities which today distinguish them from the many who have gone before. They did not spring Minerva-like, they just grew. Steadily they forged ahead in studies; they took active part in society matters; and with the old Roman "mens sana in corpore sano" spirit, they became top-notchers in athletics. — Top-notchers in every branch of college activities they are to-day. They can with pride point to many of their number who have held high offices in the A. A., Newman Club, and C. L. S.

Class '19 modestly claims to be a high-standard class of College graduates. In the past they have not shown themselves unworthy of the name of St. Joe students. It was but natural, then that those fortunate few who attended the oratory

contest this year should have expected much. They were not disappointed.

The contest of this year has been authoritatively pronounced the best in the history of the Conroy contests. From start to finish it was a stiff, determined fight by able opponents, each of whom caught from the very excellences of his own delivery. Most noticeable was the fact that every oration was a real 'live wire.' There were none whose only purpose would seem to be that of raising the apparent merit of the best by contrast with themselves.

The most fervid outbursts of fiery oratory took place behind the (asbestos) curtain when the judges sought to determine just who had 'been the best orator.' The chairman, realizing the differences of opinion in the audience on such a close decision waived all responsibility for the results: "This is the decision of the judges. Blame them if you are dissatisfied."

Thomas H. Ryan was the winner of the Conroy Oratory Medal. The ten dollars to be divided between the next two in order were awarded to Joseph S. Raible and Joseph Feldkamp. Another ten dollars, offered by Chairman Rev. Felix Seroczynski to the speaker who in the opinion of the judges should have presented his oration in the most simple, direct and convincing manner regardless of the finer niceties of elocution, was divided between Joseph Hiller and Rufus H. Esser, tie for fourth place.

The judges were: Rev. Edmund Boney; Rev. P. A. Biegel; and Rev. J. Baker. Presiding Chairman — Rev. Felix Seroczynski, pastor of St. Casimir's, Hammond, Indiana.

The Cheer extends its congratulations to all the contestants.

The Contestants and their Orations:

George Vetter	America and Immigration.
Joseph Hiller	For the Sake of Humanity.
Joseph Feldkamp	The Knights of Columbus.
Rufus H. Esser	America and the League of Nations.
Ferdinand VonderHaar	Religion in Education.
Matthias Heyker	Shall Germany Repent?
Thomas Ryan	Freedom for Ireland.

Their number is thirty-two, thirty-two of the happiest young men on earth; lads who continue with natural ability the results of persevering study under most able instructors; in whom are united the best that a material education along correct lines can produce. Yet above all, their spiritual self has received due attention. They have learned to subordinate the material things of life to those higher, nobler truths and aims of religion which alone make life worth the living.

Like stout young Atlas they set out to seek the apples of Hesperides. They have found them, and are now ready to bear upon their shoulders the burden of the world.

If we were all born with knowledge and wisdom, what a joy would be denied us! What pleasure can equal that of rewarded labor, of realized final victory after years of study, and then that feeling of exhilaration with which one stands upon the mountain-top and looks back upon the rugged path up which he has just climbed? This is the joy that comes to the Class of '19.

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RECONSTRUCTION

(A Tragedy in one Act.).

Scene: The Candy Store.

Time: The Present, 3:30 P. M.

Discover behind the counter Reichert and Daleiden. The latter chewing a mouthful of caramels.

Enter suddenly thru the passage way, with fire in his eyes, Speed Myers followed closely by McGwan.

Daleiden moves close to the counter smelling blood!

Speed: Say Scoop, stand me off?

Scoop: (Trying to talk with his mouth full of caramels),

What cha think this is a Charity Beazaar?

Speed: Aw come on, take the mush out of yer mouth.

(Here McGwan voices his appreciation of the joke by executing a hop skip and jump to the other end of the counter).

Speed: Lemme a nickle will ya McGwan?

McGwan throws a dime at Lear who has just finished his job of counting the money.

McGwan: Nickles worth of caramels!

He gets em from Lear who gives him change for a dollar, which act almost makes him a cripple for life as the eagle eye of Reichert discovered the boner. Which begins a big argument, ending happily; however, as Reichert and Daleiden share a package of "Beechnut." (Exit Lear).

Speed: (Taking all this in at last speaks,)

Say Scoop, gimme some of that junk.

Scoop: Junk? Why you insulting wop, just because your old man bought you a neck-tie instead of a Hudson Super Six for Christmas, don't think you can pull that stuff off in here. This don't look like a Jewish Museum does it?

Speed: Lookin' at you it does!

Which reply raises Scoops temperature to 120 degrees centrigade.

Scoop: I'll knock ya so flat they'll be playing you on a phonograph!

Speed: Aw common gimme the candy!

(Reichert now comes forward and gives Speed what he is aching for.

Speed on going out, looks around at Scoop, who is gradually cooling off and hollers:

You big pie face!

In two shakes Scoop is over the counter and Myers is duplicating the retreat of the Marne with the imprint of Scoops shoe on his coat tail.

Reichert: Time to close up!

Bang! (Exit Reichert and Daleiden.

Bernard Lear '19.

COLLEGE AND LIFE.

In a recent number of the Atlantic an essay on practical education quoted one of our 'self-made' men, who once bluntly remarked that during his boyhood on the farm he had but three months of schooling, which left him nine months to get an education. We are always ready to regard with respect the attitude of such men; and in their autobiographical bits we hear the unaffected accents of swift success. The 'self-made' man of that essay, however, did not merely show us his social importance and the way to get there, but expressed a view which is quite generally emphasized in America to-day. Schooling means the wasting of time in unpractical training; education, the making of experiences which are to be turned into rich capital.

College and educators are accused of their remoteness from the occupations and duties of life, to which they ought to be a formal introduction. To many of our practical men the cause of classical education seems a lost one. They appreciate the high school, or some other professional course, which makes for the youths a direct preparation for their vocation in life, but regard college with a suspicious eye, because it is a purposeless consumer of valuable time. With a touch of impatience in their tone some of them ask whether the ideas that send us to college are sound and practical, or merely 'fashionable'; while others, just as eagerly bent on over-practicalness, try to calculate the profits to be derived from a classical course, in a way as though all the student's activities and efforts were but an item in a commercial transaction.

Men, no doubt, fashion their thoughts according as life's interests and activities have shaped their minds. The fact that the present age has the weakness to deal with everything in terms of money and to discount everything, even life itself, for cash, easily explains our tendency for the practical. But capitalize everything, we cannot; for even the professional man stands for ideas and ideals, neither of which can be invested. Ideals are not listed on the stock exchange; not because they have no market value, but because they are not for sale. Our environment, our outlook upon the forces and motives in life, as well as the knowledge of our own capabilities and limitations, are greatly instrumental in shaping our ideals; and nothing is more effective in cor-

recting them than a classical education, because that goes to make for poise and general knowledge.

General knowledge does not mean dull periods of studying, and attending class, extensive and versatile reading, or a choice smattering of scores of subjects, and the thorough digestion of none. No, its field is broader and its goal more purposeful. The youth on leaving school has studied a certain number of fundamental subjects, and the field of modern knowledge seems almost too broad to be approached by a single high way. College, nevertheless, is still capable of making a general program, of leading him into the different fields of learning, and of allowing him the several kinds of mental training. The old languages offer him the mind and thought of antiquity, to which history lends the frame. Science makes him acquainted with the tangible world and brings him face to face with actualities. To work an example or to interpret and apply correctly uninteresting paradigms may be a tedious task, but it all has a purpose. To form the mind to concentrate its energy on the seemingly uninteresting, to hold it there with untiring effort, and to learn to be satisfied with meagre results, cannot but help erect a wholesome influence. It will determine in a great measure our efforts and conduct in public and private life. A man who has passed these studies with deep seriousness and diligent perseverance can with an easy heart approach life to become a professional in any of its fields of activity.

College education in the end therefore is but a preparation for life. But, what is life? If life means ease and happiness alone, then education is bound to qualify men for a living in the rocking chair, or the touring-car; if it is merely utilitarian, education will have to develop criminals as shrewd and clever as a Dunstan Cass; and if it means a state of publicity, education will have to secure us a place in the society column. Such conceptions of life and education are basically false; for the real aim of education is the truly Christian gentleman, the closest living approximation to perfection.

Indeed, the refining influences of the liberal studies ought to be one of the many reasons for maintaining them. When educators of broad outlook and wide sympathy oppose the modern practical drive within the school room they cannot fail to strike home to us a sense of their importance. When we are told that classical culture ought to hold a prominent place on account of its own intrinsic values, arguing it to be an end in itself, we ought to give at least a moment's consideration to this central fact. To calculate the uses of a college course would be preposterous, because the breadth and versatility of mind, the accuracy of thought, the poise of judgment, the keenness of observation which it aims to confer, are beyond all appraisal. Even if the classical pursuits were not a direct introduction to a special vocation in life still they ought to be of moment because of their humanizing influence: allowing us to stand apart from all specialized enterprise, and to view all interests of man with equal eye, and free from all intolerantly isolated

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enthusiasm. They render us capable first to be a man, and a professional afterwards.

This culturing purpose of education is well served by the study of the classics, which like all true literature are not only created but also lived by men. They reveal to us man in the entirety and completeness of nature, with his motives, desires and aspirations, as well as his deeds. The fact that they pulse with the very life-blood of human hearts, easily accounts for their abiding power. History, too, leads to the doors of humanity, and in presenting to us the lessons of loss and gain in the past, tends to develop in us the tact of correct judgment. We learn to correlate cause and effect by which is brought into play one of the most characteristic powers of man, his speculative faculty.

Liberal education, moreover, is one of the chief means to cultivate our better tastes and open our eyes to the inner beauties of life. Vocational training, owing to a lack of breadth, frequently brings one's tastes down to democratic level. We see that in the different walks of life, Cartooned Sunday papers and the cheap magazines are for them the standard 'readable' literature. Gaudy advertisements determine for them not only their style of dress, but their diet and reading matter as well. The man of classical culture, however, has acquired a certain sense of values, which enables him to follow his own taste and judgment without being disappointed. His standards will carry him safely through life's mediocrities, and point out to him many a golden purpose, underlying unideal commonplace.

But a well-regulated college course, besides being humanizing and broadening, is it in any way also useful? The ready answer may be given in the affirmative. Sociability is of prime importance. Even the business and professional man with all his coldness to culturing courses instinctively warms to its values. College in its social character resembles the larger society of life; its rules and regulations easily merge into the rights and obligations of broader community. At college above all a student is brought into contact with students different from himself, and the ease with which he adapts himself to various temperaments and the way in which he reacts the activities and events of class-room, lecture-hall and campus — all these are of great importance, and go to make for a well-poised sociability. No specialized study can do this, for a specialist has to pay the penalty inherent in any choice, the exclusion of things beside and beyond it. Experience shows that specialists unless they try to overcome their deficiency by self-education, become slaves to their calling. Their minds are incapable of the elastic ease, adaptability, and resourcefulness of the one who had the advantage of a broader education. Their breadth, as Howells phrased it, is vertical but not lateral. The specialist has not only the extreme busying of the bee, whom he regards as his symbol, but also her narrow conventionality — we know that her hive being moved but one foot, the wandering bee finds her home never again: in conversation with an extreme specialist, change his one only topic and he is at sea.

Moreover classical education, the most soundly representative system of training and well-harmonized information, is of great value in developing moral traits, and emphasizing moral principles, in paring and lopping off of weaknesses and in the forming of social integrity. Of that no one can doubt, for to occupy the mind with wholesome ideas and to feel and appreciate the good, beautiful and permanent in life, will not only awaken a sense of righteousness, but will render us immune from the infections of evil. Obscenity and true education go ill together; and the insisting voice of right and duty that rings a clear note through all good literature, will influence our actions and experiences in a way conducive to sound morality. (J. Duenser.)

Say Ryan, if one Ford chased another Ford up Jackson Highway, what time would it be?

Ryan—I dunno, what time would it be?

Pickard—Tin after tin.

“Why don't you shave, Connelly, and save the pillow case?

Hasn't Lambert got a sharp tongue! Why, he cut his own teeth.

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Good-Bye Fellows!

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for the next Fall.*

So Long!!



THINGS HEARD IN COLLEGEVILLE

Enter Connelly—"There are no ancient gentlemen but bricklayers and carpenters."

Klem—"Don't forget grave diggers and honey-dippers."

Connelly—"No, don't include grave-diggers for they lower the human race — — about six feet."

A—"Professor, Chlorine tells me he electrified the class with his last lecture."

B—"No, he gassed it."

JUST THINK

One week from to-day, the seniors will be has-beens.

J. Klem is thinking of getting out a pamphlet explaining all the jokes that appeared in the Cheer.

Prof.—"What is memory?"

LaMott—"Memory is that sad feeling when some one starts to tell your original joke."

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